

LOOK

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THE DAY JFK DIED



William Manchester discloses
the terrifying chaos that
followed the shooting in Dallas
Part Two of
THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT



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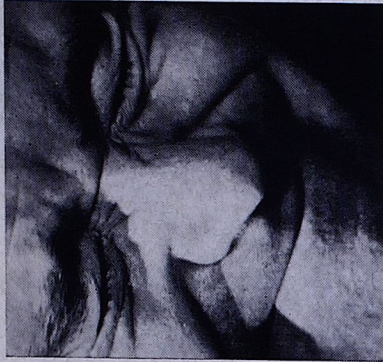
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At left, and turned on, that living light bulb, Jack Lemmon. Whether it's on the set of *Luv*, in a dressing room, or anywhere, when this incandescent Jack talks, everything he has communicates with you. The talk is not comic. He is bound up in his craft, in the grind, grind, grind, fabrication, dishonesty and hell, the delicious hell that he calls acting. LOOK presents, close-up and larger than life, *Jack Lemmon: Most Serious Funnyman in the Flicks*, pages 66-11.

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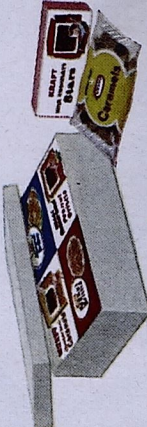
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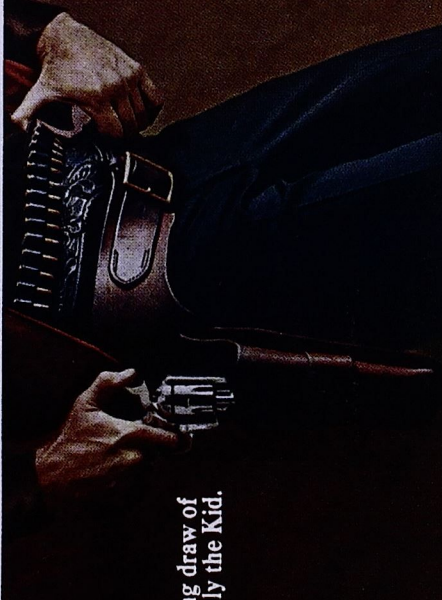
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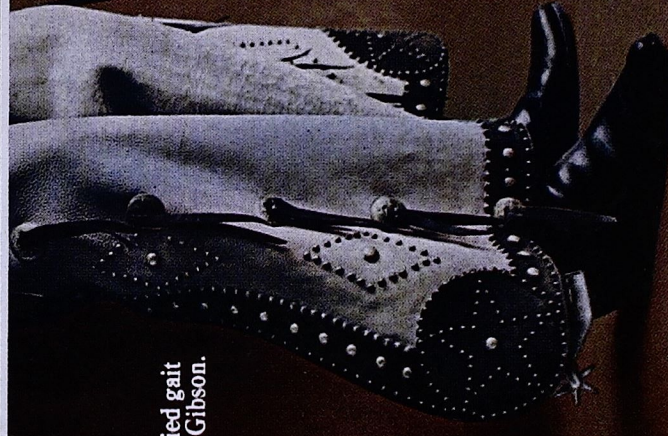
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The hours of chaos,
fear and apprehension
following John F. Kennedy's
assassination

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT BY WILLIAM MANCHESTER PART TWO

MARINA OSWALD awoke at 6:30 on November 22, 1963, in Irving, Texas. She nursed the baby while her husband stood at the foot of the bed, dressing in a work shirt and gray trousers. For the last time, Lee Harvey Oswald said he really wanted her to buy things—clothes for herself, shoes for little Junie. She ignored him. Silently, she went back to sleep. Before departing for his job in nearby Dallas, he slipped off his wedding ring and left it in a little china cup. This was the day the chronic failure was going to demonstrate that he could succeed at something, that he was a man and did not deserve contempt. In the bedroom, he left \$187 in bills. He kept \$15.10. That wouldn't take him very far. But he knew he wasn't going far.

He walked a half block eastward on Fifth Street, carrying the rifle and telescopic sight in the brown-paper wrapping he had brought from the Texas School Book Depository in Dallas the previous afternoon. Wesley Frazier joined Oswald outside his house. As he slid behind the wheel, he noticed the bundle on the back seat. "What's in the package, Lee?" he inquired. "Curtain rods," Oswald replied curtly. It was 7:25.

FIVE MINUTES LATER, in Fort Worth, the Chief Executive's leisurely valet entered the Hotel Texas's Suite 850 and tapped on the door of the master bedroom.

"Mr. President," George Thomas called gently. He heard a stirring of covers and crossed the threshold. "It's raining out," he murmured. "That's too bad," John Kennedy said groggily.

Unlike Dwight Eisenhower, who had ignored newspapers, Kennedy scanned the leading

dailies every morning soon after waking up. He was naturally alert to reactions to the tour's first day. He found them, and he found that the feud between conservative Gov. John B. Connally, Jr., and liberal Sen. Ralph Yarborough had become the biggest political story in the nation. Texas papers were giving it special prominence, and the Dallas *News* led the pack with two abrasive stories on the front page—"STORM OF POLITICAL CONTROVERSY SWIRLS AROUND KENNEDY ON VISIT" and "YARBOROUGH SNUBS LBJ." A third, inside, was headed, "PRESIDENT'S VISIT SEEN WIDENING STATE DEMOCRATIC SPLIT."

Kennedy angrily thrust the paper aside, missing, for the moment, the inflammatory ad on the next page, ominously bordered in black, like an announcement of mourning. Under the sardonic heading, "WELCOME MR. KENNEDY TO DALLAS . . .," an organization styling itself as "The American Fact-Finding Committee"—a local coordinator of the John Birch Society and Nelson Bunker Hunt, the son of H. L. Hunt, it later developed, were the committee's most prominent members—asked the President 12 rhetorical questions. The ad accused him of responsibility for the imprisonment, starvation and persecution of "thousands of Cubans," and declared that he was selling food to Communist soldiers who were killing Americans in Vietnam. It hinted strongly that he had reached a secret agreement with the U.S. Communist party.

The stories Kennedy had read convinced him that the political bloodletting had become serious. Seizing the phone, he told his aide, Ken O'Donnell, that he wanted Senator Yarborough to ride in the Vice-Presidential car today, and no excuse would be accepted. O'Donnell and his

fellow aide, Larry O'Brien, must spell out the alternatives for Yarborough—either he rode with Lyndon today, or he walked.

Stepping into the hotel corridor, the President was still frowning. He spotted Clint Hill and Muggsy O'Leary at the Secret Service post and stepped over to them. "Mary Gallagher wasn't here last night to help Jackie," he said tartly, referring to Mrs. Kennedy's private secretary. "Mary hasn't any business in motorcades. She's supposed to reach hotels before we do, and so far, she's batting zero. Get her on the ball."

His flash of temper was over. He saw an elderly woman in a wheelchair, a resident of the hotel, and paused to speak gently to her.

In the hotel lobby, his entourage swelled. He crossed Eighth Street and waded happily into the crowd, disregarding the drizzle, which had now become a fine mist. Secret Service Agent Bill Greer had brought a raincoat for him and held it aloft, but Kennedy shook his head. Laughing exultantly, he mounted the flatbed truck. Not everyone there felt so enthusiastic. Hugh Sidey of *Time* magazine was struck by the difference between the President's mood and the Vice-President's. Sidey wished Lyndon Johnson a good-morning. Johnson's answering greeting, he noted, was "perfunctory."

ORGANIZING HERSELF at her dressing table and listening to her husband's voice booming over the PA system below, Jacqueline Kennedy was pleased that it was raining; she hoped the top would be on that car, she was concerned about her hair becoming disheveled. She didn't want her husband to be ashamed of her. She knew she looked tired. She carefully inspected her face. To Mary, continued

ever, was a local hero.

Kennedy stepped out on the top step, narrowing his eyes as he sized up the crowd in one sweeping glance. Mrs. Kennedy appeared beside him, and the underground roared its approval. At the bottom, the Johnsons had been waiting patiently for five minutes. For the fourth time in less than 24 hours, they were welcoming the Kennedys to a new city in their best nice-of-you-to-come manner, and both couples felt slightly silly. Moreover, there would be two more such landings today, at Bergstrom Air Force Base near Austin and at the ranch. Lyndon looked up at Jackie, shrugging comically at the absurdity of it all, and she laughed.

Once the reception line broke up, the Vice-President's Dallas work was done. His next scheduled performance wouldn't come until 3:15, when they reached Bergstrom. The massed cheerers on the other side of the chain fence were for the President. The Vice-President, after a token appearance, led Lady Bird to the gray four-door convertible. He was so depressed by the continuing feud in the local party that he ordered the car's commercial radio turned on full blast, to drown out the noise of the crowd.

Aboard Air Force One, George Thomas was sorting out clothes. On the inboard bunk, he laid out a complete change for the next stop, Austin: shirt, socks, shoes and a lightweight blue suit. Then, reflecting that the President would be tired when he returned to the plane, he thought it would be nice to leave a reminder that tonight at the ranch, there would be a respite from

speeches and parades. Beside the shirt, he put a pair of khaki pants, a sweater and a sport shirt.

At the fence, Roy Kellerman remained inches behind the President, studying faces and cameras. A local reporter told a Washington correspondent, "The Dallas police have learned their lesson. After Kennedy leaves here, they won't let anybody within ten feet of him." The Chief Executive continued down the line. Ronnie Dugger of the *Texas Observer* wrote in his notebook, "Kennedy is showing he is not afraid."

As the moment for the departure of the motorcade approached, there was an undignified scramble for seats, and Dr. George Burkley, the President's personal physician, wound up in the lowly VIP bus. The doctor wasn't concerned about status, but he told Evelyn Lincoln, the President's secretary, "I don't see why they can't put me in that lead car. I wouldn't mind sitting on an agent's lap."

Of course, there was only an outside chance that he would be needed. But that chance was Dr. Burkley's sole reason for being here.

O'Brien had assumed that the Yarborough problem was solved. Suddenly, he realized that the Senator had mentioned nothing about riding with the Vice-President here. Simultaneously, O'Brien saw Kennedy staring at him and cutting his eye meaningfully toward Yarborough, who appeared to be looking for another car. Larry grabbed the Senator's arm, shoved him onto the seat beside Lady Bird, and slammed the door. The motorcade was beginning to move.

CHAPTER THREE

ALL MORNING, the floor-laying crew had been working on the cleared section of the Texas School Book Depository's sixth floor. Now, it was time for a midday break, sandwiches, and afterward, the spectacle at the front door.

Feelings about the motorcade were mixed. There was little sympathy among the employees at the Book Depository for the President's unpromising stand in behalf of equal rights for Negroes. Roy Truly, who didn't believe the races were meant to mix, later doubted that "half my boys would have gone out to see the parade if it hadn't been lunchtime." He explained, "Except for my niggers, the boys are conservative, like me—like most Texans." Still, a parade was a parade. Fifteen minutes before noon, the men used both of the building's antiquated elevators to race to the street level. As they passed the fifth floor, Charles Givens saw Lee Oswald standing by the gate, watching them go. Their departure left the top stories unoccupied. In effect, the upper part of the warehouse had now met the Secret Service's definition of the classic sniper's perch—it was a deserted building.

Yet no gunman can be certain that he will

those below. A youth named Arnold Rowland, who knew guns, had been watching from below with his wife since 12:14 p.m. He saw Oswald silhouetted in the window, holding what appeared to be a high-powered rifle mounted with a telescopic sight. One of Oswald's hands was on the stock; the other was on the barrel.

A police officer stood 12 feet from the Rowlands, but it never occurred to Arnold to speak to him. Assuming that Oswald must be protecting the President, he said to his wife, "Do you want to see a Secret Service agent?"

"Where?" she asked.

"In that building there," he said.

On the west side of Houston Street, Robert Edwards and Ronald Fischer had been waiting since 12:20. Suddenly Edwards pointed and said, "Look at that guy." Fischer followed his finger. The weapon was below their line of sight; what had attracted Edwards's attention was Oswald's stance. Fischer agreed that it was peculiar. The man they saw was transfixed, staring to his right, away from Main. To Fischer, it seemed that "he never moved, he was just gazing, like a statue."

The closest known eyewitness, Howard Brennan, a frail pipe fitter, had headed for the plaza at 12:18 p.m.—the time-and-temperature sign on the Depository roof pinpointed the moment—and settled down on a three-and-a-half-foot high white-cement wall on the edge of the plaza, directly across from the warehouse entrance. Brennan was 40 yards beneath Oswald. Waiting in the sun, he dried his forehead on the sleeve of his khaki work shirt and then peered up, hoping the sign would tell him the temperature. But that part of it was obscure from here. His eyes dropped to the warehouse's sixth floor, to the pinched face of Lee Oswald, now in profile. He, too, wondered why the young man was standing stock-still.

There was a sound of distant shouting from Main Street. Brennan, Rowland, Edwards and Fischer forgot the strange figure in the open window and pivoted. Edwards said excitedly, "Here it comes."

At 12:24, Jim Hosty, an FBI agent who was in charge of the Bureau's current investigation of Oswald, watched Kennedy from the curb and then stepped into the Alamo Grill for lunch. He had seen the President. His day, he felt, was made.

WHEN THE motorcade reached Main and Market at 12:28, it occurred to Yarborough that anyone could drop a pot of flowers on Kennedy from an upper story. Beyond them, the green of Dealey Plaza was visible. *My, that open sky looks good,* the Senator thought.

AT HOUSTON and Elm, Agent Sorrels radioed the Trade Mart that they would reach there in five minutes. Then Agent Lawson automatically scanned the overpass. There were railway workmen on top, a security breach. Through the windshield, he motioned urgently to a policeman there in a yellow rain slicker, indicating that he wanted the area cleared. The officer was unresponsive.

He didn't understand.

Agent Greer, recovering from the difficult turn, started to relax. The strain was over. Then he, too, noticed the workmen. Puzzled, he studied the unfamiliar street to see whether he could veer at the last minute if necessary and take the President beneath a deserted part of the span. The Lincoln was now passing a pine oak that momentarily screened John Kennedy from the muzzle in the sixth-floor corner window. Abe Zapruder, hunched over his Zoomar lens, was photographing the Presidential car—SS 100 X in Secret Service code—as it approached him. Nellie pointed to the underpass and said to Jackie, "We're almost through. It's just beyond that." Jackie thought how pleasant the cool tunnel would be. Everything seemed very quiet here. She turned to wave to the left. In the front seat of the follow-up car, Agent Emory Roberts radioed the Mart, "Halfback to Base. Five minutes to destination." He then wrote in his shift report, "12:35 p.m. President Kennedy arrived at Trade Mart."

Mac Kilduff, misreading the sign on the front of the warehouse, said to Washington correspondent Merriman Smith, "What the hell is a Book Repository?" Further back in the motorcade, Evelyn Lincoln was saying, "Just think—we've come through all of Dallas and there hasn't been a single demonstration."

The Lincoln moved ahead at 11.2 miles an hour. It passed the tree. Zapruder, slowly swinging his camera to the right, found himself photographing the back of a freeway sign. Momentarily, the entire car was obscured. But it was no longer hidden from the sixth-floor corner window. It had passed the last branch.

Spectator Charles Brend's five-year-old boy timidly raised his hand. The President smiled warmly. He raised his hand to wave back. There was a sudden, sharp, shattering sound.

Most of the hunters in the motorcade identified the sound immediately as rifle fire, but the White House detail was confused. The agents were unaccustomed to the bizarre effects created when small-arms fire echoes among unfamiliar structures, such as the buildings around Dealey Plaza. Secret Service Agents Kellerman, Lawson, Greer, Ready and Hill all thought the sound they heard had been caused by an exploding firecracker. It was only when he saw the President lurch forward and grab his neck that Clint Hill, who had extraordinary reflexes, leapt out of Halfback, as the follow-up car was known in Secret Service code, and charged forward toward SS 100 X. The reflexes of the agents nearest the President were crucial in those seconds after the first shot was fired. There are standardized tests to measure this ability, and any jet pilot who fails such a test is grounded. However, Presidential bodyguards were not required to take them.

In addition, a man's reflexes slow down as he ages, and the pace at which he lives may slow them further. The Secret Service pace was furious. Men assigned to the White House detail averaged from 50 to 80 hours overtime every month. "At forty," they said among themselves, "a man on

this detail is old." Yet Service tradition dictated that the posts closest to Kennedy should be reserved for senior men. Greer, the President's driver, was 54. Kellerman, who sat beside Greer, was 48. They were in a position to take evasive action after the first shot, but for five terrible seconds, they were immobilized.

IN THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL car, Yarborough thought he smelled gunpowder. "My God!" he yelled, "they've shot the President!" Agent Rufus Youngblood hurtled over the front seat toward Johnson. He was less positive than he seemed; he was thinking that this was going to be very embarrassing if he were wrong. But his voice was firm. "Get down!" he snapped at Johnson.

In the VIP bus, Dr. Burkley was staring out absently at store windows. The President's physician had heard nothing. He was too far back in the motorcade.

THE PRESIDENT was wounded, but not fatally. A 6.5-millimeter bullet had entered the back of his neck, bruised his right lung, ripped his windpipe, and exited at his throat, nicking the knot of his tie.

In the summer of 1966, a former Cornell graduate student published a dissertation that suggested that this first bullet followed a different trajectory. The implication was that a second assassin had aided Oswald. The issue is resolved by the X rays and photographs which were taken from every conceivable angle during the autopsy on the President's body. Robert Kennedy has decided that this material is too unsightly to be shown to anyone, including qualified scholars, until 1971. He has turned it over to the National Archives with that restriction. Although this writer has not seen the material, he interviewed three people with special qualifications who examined it before it was put under seal. None of them knew the other two, but all three gave identical accounts of what they had seen in the photographs and X rays. The X rays show no entry wound "below the shoulder," as argued by the graduate student. Admittedly, X rays of active projectiles passing through soft tissue are difficult to read. However, the photographs support them in this case—and clearly reveal that the wound was in the neck. Finally, the recollections of all doctors present during the autopsy, including the President's personal physician, agree unanimously with this overwhelming evidence.

Continuing its flight, the bullet had passed through Governor Connally's back, chest, right wrist and left thigh, although the Governor, suffering a delayed reaction, was not yet aware of it. As THE LINCOLN emerged from behind the freeway sign, Abe Zapruder, the amateur movie photographer, saw the stifled look on the President's face and was stunned. Nellie Connally twisted in her seat and looked sharply at Kennedy. His hands were at his throat, but he wasn't grimacing. He had slumped a little.

Roy Kellerman thought he had heard the

President call in his inimitable accent, "My God, I'm hit!" Roy looked over his left shoulder. Greer was looking over his right shoulder. The car, wobbling from side to side, slowly veered out of line—and both saw that Kennedy was hit.

At this instant, the impact of John Connally's wound hit him. He pitched forward, saw that his lap was covered with blood, and toppled to the left, toward his wife.

Suddenly, the Governor felt doomed. He panicked. "No, no, no, no, no!" he shrieked. "They're going to kill us both!"

Jacqueline Kennedy heard him. In a daze, she wondered, *Why is he screaming?* Already she had started to turn anxiously to her husband.

Greer turned back to the wheel. Kellerman, hesitant, glanced over his shoulder again. Neither had yet reacted to the crisis.

And now it was too late. Spectator Howard Brennan, openmouthed, saw Oswald take deliberate aim for his final shot. Crooking his arm, Oswald drew a fresh bead with his Italian rifle. His target, startlingly clear in the crosshairs of his telescopic sight, was 88 yards away. He squeezed the trigger again.

The First Lady, in her last act as First Lady, leaned solicitously toward the President. His face was quizzical. She had seen that expression so often, when he was puzzling over a difficult press-conference question. Now, in a gesture of infinite grace, he raised his right hand, as though to brush back his tousled chestnut hair. But the motion faltered. The hand fell back limply. He had been reaching for the top of his head. But it wasn't there any more. . . .

THE INTERIOR of the Presidential Lincoln was a place of horror. The last bullet had torn through John Kennedy's cerebellum, the lower part of his brain. Leaning toward her husband, Jacqueline saw a piece of his skull detach itself. At first, there was no blood. And then, in the next instant, there was nothing but blood spattering her, the Connallys, Kellerman, Greer, the upholsterer. Gobs of blood as thick as a man's hand soaked the floor of the back seat. The President's clothes were steeped in it, the roses were drenched. Motorcycle Police Officer Bobby Hargis was doused in the face by a red sheet. To Kellerman, it appeared that the air was full of moist sawdust.

John Connally screamed again and again in agony; in terror, Nellie began to scream too; they were saturated. Jacqueline rose on her strained knees, facing toward the sidewalk, and cried, "My God, what are they doing? My God, they've killed Jack, they've killed my husband. Jack, Jack!" There was also a reaction in the front seat of SS 100 X. "Move it out," Kellerman told Greer. Into the intercom microphone, he said, "Lawson, this is Kellerman. We are hit. Get us to a hospital."

The back of the Lincoln was equipped with metal grips on the trunk for agents and a step on each side of the spare tire. Clint Hill had his fingers in the left grip and his toe on the left step 1.6 seconds after the last shot. He had just begun to surge up when Greer rammed the accelerator to

continued

the floor. The Lincoln sprang forward, dislodging Clint's foot. He was deadweight, and dragging. Mrs. Kennedy pivoted toward the rear and reached for him; their hands touched, clenched, and locked. It is impossible to say who saved whom. Neither remembers, and the film taken by Abe Zapruder is inconclusive. Mrs. Kennedy, who was in deep shock, has no recollection of being on the trunk at all.

She drew Clint up, and he, vaulting ahead, pushed her down until she tumbled back into the car, and he spread-eagled his body across the back of the Lincoln. He could hold on now, but that was small consolation. From the street, he had seen Kennedy's head wound. He knew it was mortal, knew the Secret Service had failed; and in anguish and frustration, he hammered the trunk with his free hand.

As the Presidential car raced toward the hospital, Governor Connally lapsed into unconsciousness. He believed he was dying. So did his wife. Putting her mouth to his ear, Nellie whis-

NE OF THE earliest consequences of the catastrophe was to become one of the most searing: a schism among those who were close to the Presidency. The loyalists, mourning John Kennedy, could not adjust to Lyndon Johnson. Realists accepted the succession, sometimes with astonishing alacrity. Within the first minutes after the final shot was fired, the split between loyalists and realists began to tear the Secret Service asunder.

The first realist was Agent Emory Roberts, who made the switch in allegiance while Kennedy's heart was still beating. Roberts had seen the last shot strike Kennedy's skull, was certain the wound was mortal, and had assessed the implications at once. Like every other agent, he carried in his pocket a commission book directing him "to protect the President of the United States." Since a dead man could not serve as President, the Vice-President, Roberts reasoned, was already the new Chief Executive.

His decision had come too late to stop Clint Hill, but when Jack Ruby was about to leap after Hill onto the Presidential car, Roberts shouted, "Don't go, Jack!" Ready hesitated, then drew back. As the car picked up momentum, Roberts said to Agent Bill McIntyre, who had been standing behind Clint Hill: "They got him. You and Bennett take over Johnson as soon as we stop."

AS THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL car drew up at Parkland Hospital, the dominant sound was the squawky commercial radio on Hurchel Jack's dashboard. After an interval of utter pandemonium, with studio furniture toppling in the background and technicians calling to one another in hysterical stage whispers, a breathless announcer had pulled himself together. He was beginning to

pered, "It's going to be all right, be still." Yet she didn't believe it. She doubted that anything would ever be right again. For a while, she thought he was already dead. Then one of his hands trembled slightly. Quickly, she put her own over it.

Nellie heard a muted sobbing from the back seat. In a strangled voice, Jacqueline Kennedy was saying, "He's dead—they've killed him—oh Jack, oh Jack, I love you." There was a pause. Then she began again. Nellie and Clint could hear Mrs. Kennedy, but she could not hear herself.

Reality came to her in dim flashes. She had heard Kellerman on the radio and had wondered why it had taken the car so long to leave. Next, in her red daze, she had become preoccupied with the President's head.

Huddled on the ruined cushion, cradling his shoulders in her arms and his head in her gloves, she crouched over him. Trying to heal the unhealable seemed to be all that mattered; she couldn't bear the thought that others should see what she had seen.

CHAPTER FOUR

fit together bits of information after those first moments of total confusion. He said nothing about firecrackers. He was talking about gunfire.

The announcer's source was Mac Kilduff's press-pool car, fifty feet behind the Vice-Presidential car. Earlier, the correspondents there had been even closer. After the motorcade passed the Trade Mart, the press car had lost ground and was now weaving dangerously. The chauffeur was doing well to keep the road. He was driving in the middle of a furious fistfight.

Merriman Smith had seized the car's radio-phone receiver while they were still on Elm Street. His Dallas UPI bureau heard him bark: "Three shots were fired at President Kennedy's motorcade in downtown Dallas." That first bulletin was on the UPI printer at 12:34. Before eyewitnesses could collect themselves, it was being beamed around the world. To those who tend to believe everything they hear and read, the figure of three seemed to have the sanction of authority, and many who had been in the plaza and had thought they heard only two reports, later corrected their memories.

The other wire-service reporter in the car was Jack Bell of AP. Smith was the senior wire-service man, and his seniority had given him a clear beat, the greatest in his career. The longer he could keep Bell out of touch with an AP operator, the longer that lead would be—so he continued to talk. Indignant, Bell demanded the phone. Smith stalled. He insisted that his Dallas operator read back the dictation. The wires overhead, he argued, might have interfered with his transmission. Everyone in the car could hear the cackling of the UPI operator's voice.

The relay was perfect. Bell, red-faced and screaming, tried to wrest the radiophone from him; Smith thrust it between his knees and

crouched under the dash, and Bell, flailing wildly, was hitting both the driver and Kilduff. Finally, Smith surrendered the phone to Bell, and at that moment, it went dead.

THERE WASN'T a hospital attendant in sight. Kellerman, Sorrels and Lawson looked at one another, aghast. "Get us two stretchers on wheels!" Roy bawled.

The Dallas police had tried to alert Parkland, but the police dispatcher's equipment was not operating properly. That failure, one of many on November 22, played no role in the passion of John Kennedy. Had his injuries been less grievous, the delayed alarm would have become a proper matter for a searching inquiry. So would the decision to put Dr. Burkley at the end of the motorcade. But the Chief Executive was past saving, and had been now for six minutes. Had he been anyone but the President of the United States, the first physician to see him would have tagged him DOA—Dead on Arrival. There was no discernible respiration. His pupils were dilated and fixed. His brain was destroyed.

Nellie Connally had become visibly agitated. As long as they were moving, her self-discipline had been admirable, but now a pendulum was swinging within her. To her, the situation here seemed obvious. The man behind her was dead. She had seen the gore; no one could live after that. Yet everybody was fussing over the back seat. They were fretting over a corpse and paying no attention to her John. They were just letting the Governor of Texas lie there bleeding while they poked and fooled around, and it was outrageous.

The focus of attention was, in fact, the President, but no one was ignoring the Governor. They couldn't: Even if they had been indifferent to his suffering, the stark fact remained that he was in the way. Therefore, attendants, who had appeared at last, were leaning over Nellie from her side while Dave Powers, choking back his tears, lifted out Connally's legs. The transfer was easily accomplished. His condition was far less serious than it then seemed. The Governor's muscles were tense; he could brace himself and, being conscious, he could help his bearers. They placed him on the first of the two stretchers and carried him inside, Nellie stumbling after them. Now it was the President's turn.

Mrs. Kennedy hadn't budged. Bowing her head, she continued to hold her husband. If she released him, the harrowing spectacle would reappear, and she couldn't endure that. Avoiding the faces around her, she crumpled lower and lower, pressing his stained face to her breast. The men could hear her making little weeping sounds.

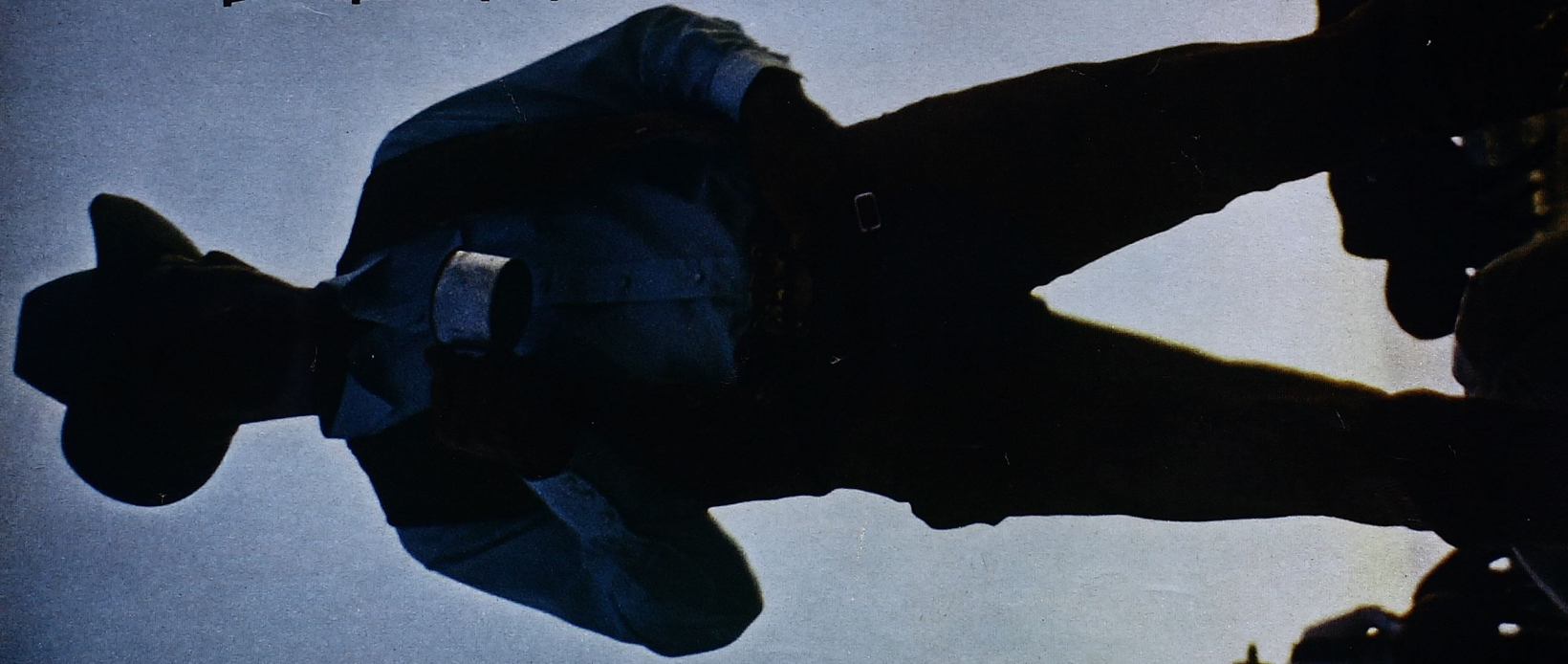
"Please, Mrs. Kennedy," Agent Clint Hill said. He touched her shoulders, and they trembled convulsively. Four seconds passed, then five. "Please," Clint mumbled again. "We must get the President to a doctor."

She moaned, "I'm not going to let him go, Mr. Hill."

"We've got to take him in, Mrs. Kennedy."

continued on page 51

**Come to
where
the flavor
is. Come to
Marlboro
Country.**



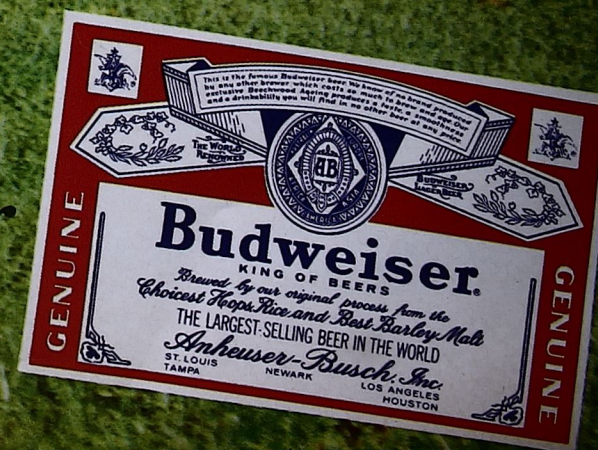
You get a lot to like
with a Marlboro—
filter, flavor,
pack or box.



Here comes
the King of Beers!



Budweiser is the best reason in the world to drink beer



THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT continued

"No, Mr. Hill. You know he's dead. Let me alone."

Suddenly, Hill realized what was troubling her. He ripped off his suit coat and laid it in her lap. Tenderly, she wrapped the President's head in the lining as five Secret Service agents drew him toward the second stretcher. She had another, brief moment of panic; they were moving too fast, the coat was slipping away. Scrambling along the wet seat, she seized it in white-knuckled fists while they grappled with his hips and thighs: It was a formidable struggle. Unlike Connally's; his body lacked tension. It was rubbery, and as a former practicing lawyer, Senator Yarborough recognized the signs. Horrified, he thought, *His legs are going every whichaway.*

Now he was on the litter, and they were rapidly wheeling him past a black No Loitering sign, through a scuffed wide door. Beyond lay another world. There was no sunlight. The air reeked. The corridor was walled in dreary tan tile, the floor was a dingy brownish-red linoleum.

In Trauma Room No. 2, John Connally was groaning. Nellie stood silently in the doorway, her face swollen, her eyes averted. The President was wheeled right, into No. 1. An arm seized Jackie, and there, on the threshold, she relaxed her grip on Clint's coat and stepped back. Her hopeless vigil had begun.

THE REPORTERS who did not travel with Mac Kilduff in the press-pool car were in two press buses. These buses unloaded as scheduled between the Furniture Mart and the Apparel Mart, on Industrial Boulevard. The bulk of the White House press corps showed their Polaroid passes to Dallas policemen, entered the Trade Mart, and heard the news either from officers or luncheon guests who had picked up Merriman Smith's flash over transistor radios.

Among the last to learn that anything had gone awry were the passengers on the hapless VIP bus. They had been instructed to go directly to the rear of the Trade Mart, but there were no Dallas policemen at the rear entrance. The guards were Texas state policemen who weren't tied into the radio network and didn't know what had happened. None of them, moreover, had ever seen a White House pass. They had been told that Secret Service agents would vouch for bona fide Kennedy people. But most of the agents had left for Parkland after picking up Kellerman's distress signal over the Charlie network.

The result was an icy reception for Dr. Burkley, the President's physician, and for Evelyn Lincoln, Pam Turnure, Mary Gallagher, Jack Valenti, Liz Carpenter and Marie Fehmer. A Ranger who knew Barefoot Sanders offered to admit him. No one could go with him, however. As a Texan, Liz was mortified. "This is Evelyn Lincoln, the President's personal secretary," she said indignantly, thrusting Evelyn forward. The guard inspected Evelyn's pass and handed it back to her. He said impassively, "I'm sorry, lady."

Suddenly, Dr. Burkley sensed that something terrible had happened. The atmosphere

was ominous. Strangers were reeling around in circles. Doug Kiker of the New York *Herald Tribune* was sobbing passionately, "The god-damned sons of bitches." The doctor flagged Agent Andy Berger, who was about to leave in a police cruiser. The physician had just tossed his black bag on the floorboard when Chuck Roberts of *Newsweek* ran up. "Let me go with you," Chuck begged. Burkley, usually gentle, slammed the door in his face; the cruiser skidded into Harry Hines Boulevard and dropped the doctor outside Parkland's emergency entrance minutes after the President's disappearance within.

Parkland's emergency area had been overwhelmed. A metropolitan hospital is better equipped to handle a panic than almost any other public place, but no institution in the world could have weathered this one satisfactorily. There were too many people with too much rank, and there was an almost total collapse of discipline.

Jack Price, the hospital administrator, found himself begging his staff members to return to their own wards. Ambulatory cases were hobbling in every door, deaf to entreaties to turn back. One man told a nurse, "If the President's dead, why can't we see him? A dead body won't know the difference." Unwisely, she suggested that Mrs. Kennedy was entitled to privacy. "Jackie's here?" he cried. "Where?" He had to be restrained.

The Secret Service should have thrown up a security screen. But the disaster had exposed a hidden weakness—the allegiance of individual agents to a man, not an office. As long as Kennedy had been in command, the lines of authority were clear. Now, the old order had been transformed into hopeless disorder. Theoretically, Roy Kellerman was still the agent in charge. Emory Roberts had already defied him, however, and when Roy issued instructions that all the agents who had been riding in Halfback were to guard the hospital's entrances, nobody bothered to point out that Roberts had undercut him by reassigning them. In fact, few agents bothered to tell Roy anything, which was probably just as well, inasmuch as a showdown would have led to no real decision. Since Presidents pick their chief bodyguards, and since Kellerman was a stranger to Lyndon Johnson, Kellerman was already a lame duck. The identity of his successor was not so clear. Roberts was with Johnson, but Youngblood had been there before him and was a Johnson protégé. Thus the Secret Service, which should have been a symbol of continuity, was riven by disunion. The agents were as leaderless and perplexed as the rest of the Presidential party. Kellerman and Hill remained near Kennedy. Youngblood, Roberts and Lem Johns went with Johnson. Most were following personal loyalties. There was no overall plan, no design, and the inevitable consequence was anarchy.

During that first hour, hysteria was far more widespread than men could bring themselves to acknowledge. In retrospect, many later constructed accounts of how they felt they ought to have behaved—with emotion, but with control. The facts are more jagged. There was little control,

and there were many aberrations that made no sense whatever. Nearly everyone in Parkland's emergency area in the minutes before or after one o'clock acted in a fashion that on any other afternoon would have been considered most odd. None of their quirks deserves ridicule, yet a few examples are useful, otherwise an understanding of the general mood is impossible.

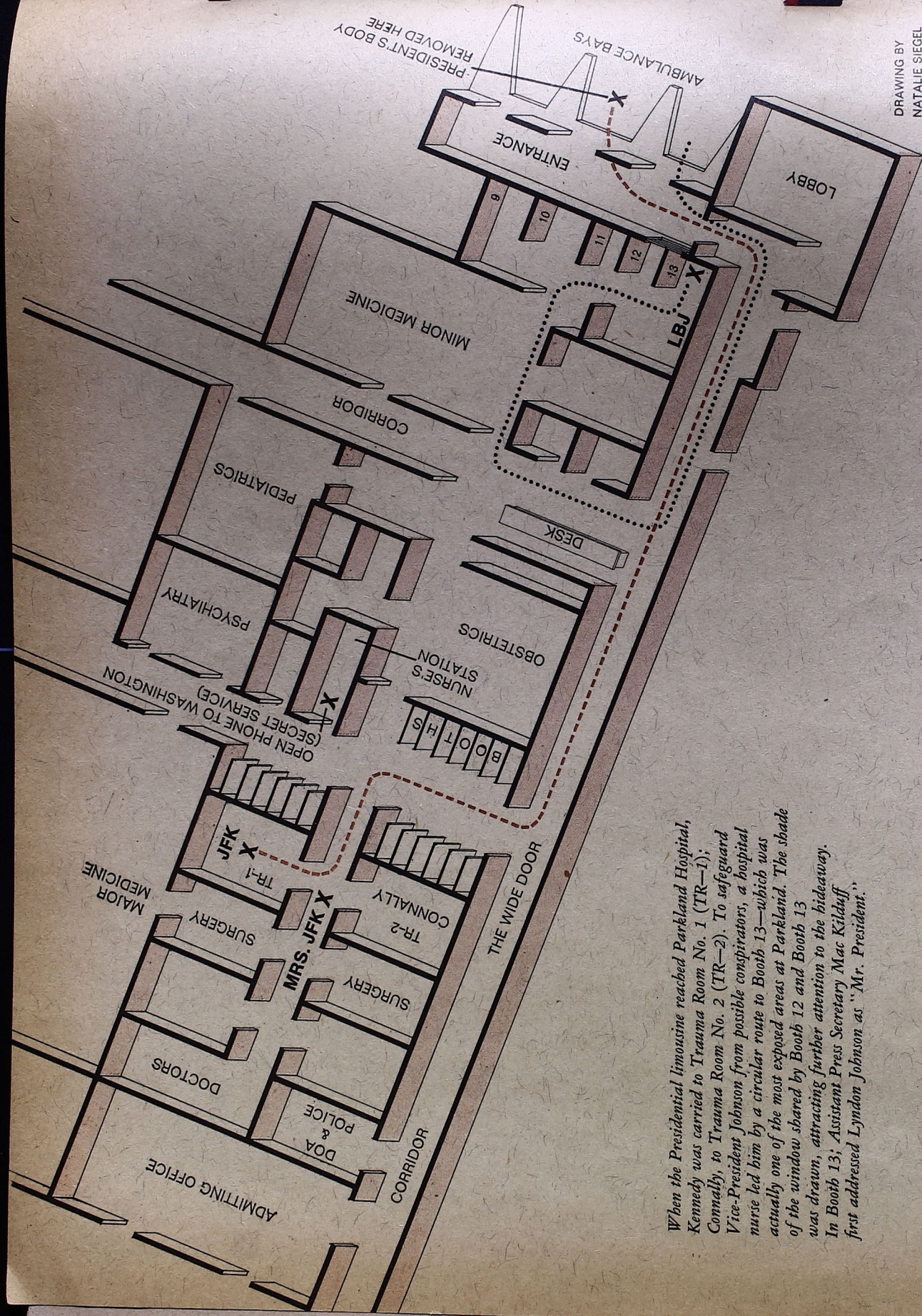
Consider Maj. Gen. Ted Clifton. He was a general officer, a combat veteran, the President's senior military aide. Of all the men there, Clifton should have been the likeliest to grasp the capabilities of the Signal Corps. In fact, he forgot Signal entirely. Instead, he presented a credit card to a Parkland operator and told her that he wanted to make a long-distance call to the White House. Miraculously, he got through. On being connected, he asked the Situation Room to phone Mrs. Clifton and Mrs. O'Donnell and inform them that their husbands were uninjured. That urgent business out of the way, he instructed the operator to switch him to Bromley Smith, Executive Secretary of the National Security Council, and inquired of Smith, "Is there any intelligence on this?" The General's order of priorities was staggering. Only after wives had been reassured could he deal with the possibility of a plot against the United States.

Or take Clint Hill, a man of exceptional presence of mind, who had just demonstrated it on Elm Street. Roaming the emergency area, he realized that he was without his suit coat. It suddenly seemed important that he be properly dressed, and he approached a member of the hospital's administrative staff who was just his size and asked to borrow his coat. The public-relations man promptly surrendered it, though he wondered—quite reasonably—what possible difference shirt-sleeves could make at a time like this.

Dallas Police Sgt. Bob Dugger was worried sick about an automobile. He had heard the news at the Trade Mart and had driven here in the deputy chief's car. There hadn't been time to acquire permission, and now anxiety was gnawing at him. What would the chief think? Would he report a stolen vehicle? Would charges be filed? This was a serious matter.

A message for Anne Clifton, a clean coat for Clint; a chief's borrowed car—thus men turned from the unwieldy central event and seized upon details with almost pathetic gratitude. One by one, they could wrap them with understanding and tuck them away on the narrow shelves of the mind, postponing that awful moment when all the wrapping and tucking would be done and the enormous fact that would not fit must be faced. Individual conduct varied wildly in situations that were virtually identical. Jacqueline Kennedy and Nellie Connally stood a few feet apart, awaiting news of gravely wounded husbands. Both knew that the President's injuries had been mortal, and if there is such a thing as decorum in these circumstances, the Governor's wife should have been the first to speak. She wasn't. Jackie gently inquired about Connally. At first, Nellie said nothing. She was thinking that this

continued



When the Presidential limousine reached Parkland Hospital, Kennedy was carried to Trauma Room No. 1 (TR-1); Connally, to Trauma Room No. 2 (TR-2). To safeguard Vice-President Johnson from possible conspirators, a hospital nurse led him by a circular route to Booth 13—which was actually one of the most exposed areas at Parkland. The shade of the window shared by Booth 12 and Booth 13 was drawn, attracting further attention to the hideaway. In Booth 13, Assistant Press Secretary Mac Kilduff first addressed Lyndon Johnson as "Mr. President."

woman was almost a total stranger to her. She replied, "He'll be all right." And that was all.

Hugh Sidney took furious notes, half of which, he later found, were illegible. Reporter Bob Baskin simply left. He rode downtown to the city room of the Dallas News to talk to friends and find out what, if anything, was happening elsewhere in the world.

Liz Carpenter and Marie Fehmer had reached Parkland and been left in the administrative offices with aspirin and water. They had no idea what was happening and were growing increasingly restless. A passing employee called out that Kennedy had been shot. Liz thereupon jumped to an extraordinary conclusion. The President had been scheduled to address a luncheon at the Trade Mart. If he were wounded, he obviously couldn't talk. Therefore, she explained to Marie, the Vice-President would have to speak in his place, and as members of the Johnson staff, they should be present. There wasn't a moment to spare; he might be at the lecture already. Marie, impressed by Liz's logic, ran after her. At the hospital entrance, they explained the situation to a traffic policeman. He looked doubtful, then beckoned to a cruiser, which careened into Harry Hines Boulevard at terrifying speed and deposited them at the Mart's front door. To their amazement, only a handful of people were wandering about. All looked dazed. It looked as though

the Vice-President's remarks would be poorly attended. Liz began to have second thoughts.

The epidemic of irrationalism wasn't confined to the Presidential party. Parkland's staff was also affected. Connally felt fingers plucking at his clothing. A voice said, "I've got his coat and shirt off." Another muttered, "I'm having trouble with his pants." The Governor felt a painful jerking around his hips. Exasperated, he groaned, "Why not cut them off?" There was a silence. Without realizing it, he had just reminded them of the hospital's established procedure.

The Parkland employees least in touch with reality were the clerks. The importance of paperwork had been drilled into them and now, seeking a haven from the general disarray, they fell upon the familiar rituals of routine.

"Kennedy, John F.," was neatly logged in at 12:38, identified as a white male, and assigned the Emergency Room number 24740. His "chief complaint" was described as "GSW"—gunshot wound. "Connally, John," number 24743, had the same problem, and he was entered three spaces below, after a white female with a bleeding mouth and a colored female with abdominal pains. (The Governor, of course, had been admitted before all of them.)

This sort of thing went on all afternoon. Price, enraged, threatened to fire one zealous clerk. It solved nothing. Everything had to be

recorded and filed; there could be no exceptions. O'Brien entered the hospital with Congressmen Albert Thomas and Jack Brooks. Taking a wrong turn, he found himself alone, facing a counter. On the other side was a bespectacled woman. "Just a minute!" she said smartly and handed him a form and a ball-point pen. In a stupor, he laboriously began to print "O'Brien, Lawrence F." Then he came to dead stop. Suddenly, the idiocy of the whole thing struck him. Dropping pen and form, he blundered down strange corridors, searching blindly for his President.

The body of John Kennedy lay at the center of the storm, insulated from it by the magnitude of the task that preoccupied everyone in Trauma Room No. 1. There was no need for sham activity beyond that threshold. The men and women who were gathering could not doubt the urgency of their work, and discipline invested it with a kind of peace. Blades and catheters were lifted automatically, dials spun instinctively; rubber-gloved hands reached, clenched and moved in rhythmic pantomime. The throat wound—which was then assumed to be an entry wound, because there was no time to turn him over—was small, and it exuded blood but slowly. The damage to the posterior cranium, however, could scarcely be exaggerated. That was the origin of the massive bleeding, which had begun on Elm Street, had continued throughout the ride to the unloading dock and the trip

down the corridor, and which was unstranded even here. By now, one would think, Kennedy would have been bled white, but his great heart continued to pump; some 1500 cc. of blood—three pints—had flecked the aluminum hospital cart, its sheeting, the floors, the walls beyond. And mingled with it were vast amounts of fine tissue from the cerebellum and coarser cerebral matter. Nearly nude, his long body, unmarred below the head, lay on its back across a three-inch black-leather pad. The fixed eyes—dilated and divergent, deviated outward with a skew deviation from the horizontal—were raised sightlessly toward the solitary fluorescent lamp glaring overhead.

The first physician to arrive, Charles Carrico, a second-year surgical resident in his twenties, examined him rapidly. There was no pulse, no blood pressure at all. Nevertheless, he was not quite gone. His body was making slow, agonizing efforts to breathe, and an occasional heartbeat could be detected. Carrico commenced emergency treatment, inserting a tube through the mouth in an attempt to clear the airway. Lactated Ringer's solution—a modified saline solution—was fed into the right leg via catheter. In a hurried undertone, the resident inquired about blood type. A nurse darted out. "What's the President's blood type?" she asked Hill and Kellerman. Clint started to reach for his wallet. Roy said, "O, Rh Positive." In fact, the President was given O, Rh Negative because there could be no reaction to it, whatever his type.

Fourteen doctors surrounded the cart. That was too many. The place was less than twice the size of Kennedy's private bathroom on the second floor of the Executive Mansion. Only three of the physicians were absolutely necessary: Malcolm Perry, the 34-year-old surgeon who had just stumbled down the flight of steps from Parkland's cafeteria to relieve young Carrico; Burkley, because he was acquainted with the patient's medical history, carried his special drugs in his black bag, and knew the proper dosage levels; and Marion T. Jenkins, chairman of the hospital's department of anesthesiology.

Incising the President's throat just below the mediastinal wound, Mac Perry began a five-minute tracheostomy—"a mouth in the throat." Meanwhile, the tube between Kennedy's lips had been connected to a respirator in an attempt to start him breathing again. At this point, Jacqueline Kennedy decided to enter the room. She had been in the drab hallway for approximately ten minutes, each worse than the last. Nurse Doris Nelson had tried to take her gloves off, passing orderlies had attempted to persuade her to rest in one of the sheeted cubicles. The enormity of what had happened had just begun to hit her, but she had already determined that she would not leave here.

Parkland's staff didn't understand the strength of the will behind that decision. They knew only her reputation, and like Robert Kennedy, she was a very different person than the public imagined. He was gentler and more sensitive than he was thought to be; she was far firmer

than people believed. Inevitably, both had been overshadowed by the President. In the void he was about to leave, they would emerge, however, and for Mrs. Kennedy, the time to assert herself was now. During the first few minutes, she had been quietly watchful. She couldn't understand why all the doctors were running in; she was certain her husband had been killed. Then she had heard the early talk about fluids. Physicians assume that laymen are awed by medical terminology. Usually, they are right. This time, they were wrong. The President had been ill since marriage; his wife had spent much time in hospital waiting rooms. She knew what a saline solution was, and when she heard a voice from the trauma room say "resuscitation," she understood that too. *He's still alive*; she thought in amazement. It made no sense. She was convinced that he had been killed. *Could there be a chance that he could live?* she thought; and, *Oh, my God, if he could, I'd just do everything all my life for him*. Jackie glanced up at Larry and Ken, a few feet away. She whispered, "Do you think? . . ."

They said nothing. There was nothing to say. She said, "I'm going in there." Doris Nelson heard her and barred the way. The nurse was strong, and she had been imbued with the doctrine that relatives should be kept as far as possible from patients. One purpose of the policy was to prevent the very sort of false encouragement that had just been aroused in Mrs. Kennedy. Doris said sharply, "You can't come in here," and set her rubber-shod shoes. Unintimidated, Jackie said, "I'm coming in, and I'm staying." She pushed. Doris, much stronger, pushed back. Each time her husband had been sick, Jacqueline Kennedy had been turned away by doctors. She had heard

him calling for her after his back operation; she had tried to go to him then, but no one would admit her. Then, when one specialist's treatments had begun to fail, she had wanted to bring in a consultant. She had been persuaded to change her mind, and the President had suffered through four months of intense pain and discouragement.

Until then, she had bowed to medical advice. The doctors, she had thought, must know best. But after those four months, she had sworn a private vow. Henceforth, she would at least be at his side when he needed her; never again would she let doctors or nurses cow her. Now, struggling harder, she whispered fiercely to Doris Nelson, "I'm going to get in that room."

The commotion attracted Burkley's attention. He came over. "Mrs. Kennedy, you need a sedative," he said.

"I want to be in there when he dies," she said. He nodded understandingly, then ran interference for her. "It's her right, it's her right, it's her prerogative," he kept saying, leading her past the woman in starched white, who reluctantly stepped aside under the impression that he was a Secret Service man.

At 1 P.M., surgeon Kemp Clark said heavily, "It's too late, Mac." Perry's long hands crimped in defeat. He slowly raised them from Kennedy's unnaturally white breast, walked blindly from the room, and slumped in a chair, staring off into space and absently worrying the nail of his little finger with his teeth. From the head of the hospital cart, a doctor reached down and drew a sheet over the President's face. Clark turned to Jacqueline Kennedy. He said, "Your husband has sustained a fatal wound." The lips moved silently: *I know*.

CHAPTER FIVE

IN THE FIFTH FLOOR of the Justice Department building at Ninth Street and Pennsylvania, J. Edgar Hoover had picked up his direct line to the Attorney Gen-

eral's office. It was answered by Angie Novello, Robert Kennedy's personal secretary, who was staring across a desk at a frayed UPI page held aloft by a weeping press-office secretary.

"This is J. Edgar Hoover." His delivery, as always, was staccato, shrill, mechanical. "Have you heard the news?"

"Yes, Mr. Hoover, but I'm not going to break it to him."

"The President has been shot. I'll call him."

A White House operator connected him with Extension 163, at the end of the swimming pool behind the Virginia mansion. In response to the ring, Ethel Kennedy left the men. The operator told her, "The Director is calling." Ethel didn't have to ask which one. In official Washington, there are many directors, but only one Director. She said, "The Attorney General is at lunch."

At the other corner of the pool, her husband

had just glanced at his watch. It was 1:45 p.m. (12:45 in Dallas). He picked up a tuna fish sandwich and said to a guest, "We'd better hurry and get back to that meeting."

"This is urgent," the operator told Ethel. Ethel called, "It's J. Edgar Hoover." Robert Kennedy knew something out of the ordinary had happened; the Director never called him at home. He crossed to the phone, and as he took it, a man who had been listening to a transistor radio while working on an addition to the mansion whirled and ran toward him, gibbering.

The Attorney General identified himself. "I have news for you," Hoover said tonelessly. "The President's been shot." There was a pause. Kennedy asked whether it was serious.

"I think it's serious. I am endeavoring to get details," said Hoover. "I'll call you back when I find out more." The Director hung up. The Attorney General hung up. He started back toward his wife and his two mystified guests, who were beginning to understand the workman's babbling. Midway toward them, Kennedy stopped. It had hit him. His jaw sagged. "Jack's been shot!" he continued

antly, referring to the Strategic Air Command base near Fort Worth.

Youngblood sent Agent Lem Johns to ask a local policeman the route there, but when Johns returned, everyone agreed that the SAC base was too far. "We've got to get in the air," Roberts persisted.

Still hesitant, Johnson said, "Maybe President Kennedy will need the airplane."

No one asked which airplane he had in mind. The discussions in Booth 13 were based on the astonishing assumption that only one Boeing 707 was parked at Love Field. In reality, the situation there was unchanged. Neither the Presidential plane—number 26000—nor the Vice-Presidential plane—number 86970—had been moved. Each carried the same equipment, both were guarded. Nevertheless, from this point forward, the backup plane was forgotten. Johnson and his agents thought only of 26000, Angel, Air Force One—the aircraft identified with John F. Kennedy. Johnson did not want to seem presumptuous and told the agents that he would not move without approval from a member of Kennedy's staff, preferably Ken O'Donnell. Roberts sought out O'Donnell in major medicine.

"Johnson wants to go," he said. "Is it OK if he uses the plane?" O'Donnell nodded, and Roberts reported back to Johnson, "Ken says it's OK." Johnson still waited. Then, at 1:13 p.m., Emory Roberts said to him: "The President is dead, sir."

Johnson, in shock, said to his wife, "Make a note of the time." Then he added, "We're leaving. We'll go as quietly as possible." Youngblood told Agent Johns, "Get an unmarked car and find a policeman who knows Dallas like the back of his hand."

"I must go see Mrs. Kennedy and Nellie," Mrs. Johnson said. Her husband not only agreed, he wanted to accompany her. Youngblood was still very much in command and told the new President that he could not leave this ward.

AS FATHER HUBER opened the door of his car, a group of reporters surrounded him. "Is he dead?" Hugh Sidesy of *Time* asked.

The priest took a deep breath. "He's dead, all right," he said. But there had been no official word, and a report from an unknown priest was not conclusive.

A statement could not be postponed indefinitely. While Father Huber's indiscretion was unknown in the emergency area, it was hardly surprising. The secret could not be kept long. Too many people had been in the trauma room. Already, Kilduff had sought out Ken O'Donnell. He had asked, "He's dead, isn't he?"

In a syllable, O'Donnell confirmed it. "This is a terrible time to have to approach you on this," Kilduff said, "but the world has got to know that President Kennedy is dead."

"Well, don't they know it already?"

"No, I haven't told them."

"Well, you are going to have to make the announcement. Go ahead," O'Donnell said. "But

you better check it with Lyndon Johnson."

An agent guided Kilduff through the white jungle of minor medicine. At the end of the last right turn, Kilduff saw the broad back of Kennedy's constitutional successor. He cleared his throat and said, "Mr. President."

It was the first time that anyone had so addressed Johnson. He turned and, according to Kilduff's later recollection, "looked at me like I was Donald Duck."

Kilduff asked permission to make a statement. Johnson shook his head. "No. Wait. We don't know whether it's a Communist conspiracy or not. I'd better get out of here and back to the plane. Are they prepared to get me out of here?"

The Secret Service was prepared, and he knew it, but he wanted to be certain he had left Parkland before reporters were informed. After a flurry of conferences with agents, Kilduff understood. At 1:20, he approached Johnson again and told him, "I am going to make the announcement as soon as you leave."

"Yes," said Johnson. "As soon as I leave, you announce the death."

Kilduff walked out the emergency entrance with him. As soon as they reached the sunlight, reporters bayed, "What can you tell us?" Lowering his head, Kilduff bulled through them and plodded off across the grass, toward the rooms where most of the press were gathered.

At first, Kilduff, red-eyed and tremulous, was unable to speak. Incoherently, he thought, *Well, this is the first press conference on a road trip I have ever had to hold.*

"Excuse me," he said, "let me catch my breath." He caught it. There was another, longer pause. At 1:33, he moistened his lips. "President John F. Kennedy—"

"Hold it!" called a cameraman, and a lens clicked.

"President John F. Kennedy died at approximately one o'clock Central Standard Time today here in Dallas."

At 1:35, UPI bells chimed on teletype machines around the world:

FLASH

PRESIDENT KENNEDY DEAD

JT135PCS

KEN O'DONNELL made a second trip to Booth 13 and confirmed Kennedy's death to Johnson. According to Johnson, O'Donnell twice urged him to board Air Force One. It is Johnson's recollection that he consented, with the stipulation that he would wait at Love Field until Mrs. Kennedy and the body of President Kennedy were brought to the plane.

O'Donnell declares this version to be "absolutely, totally and unequivocally wrong." He

says that Johnson raised the possibility of a conspiracy. "I agreed that he should get out of there as soon as possible," O'Donnell says. "He asked me whether they should move the plane—meaning, I thought, Air Force Two—to Carswell Air Force Base. I said no; it was 35 miles to the Air Force base, and it would take too long to move the plane. Besides, no one would know that he was going from Parkland Hospital to Love Field anyway; they had no way of knowing." Concerning 26000, O'Donnell says, "The President and I had no conversation regarding Air Force One. If we had known that he was going on Air Force One, we would have taken Air Force Two. One plane was just like another."

Youngblood supports Johnson, but O'Donnell was clearly dumbfounded when, an hour later, he encountered the Johnsons on 26000. It is entirely possible that Johnson mentioned "the plane" to O'Donnell in connection with Carswell, and that the new President thought that he and Ken were talking about the same plane. What is highly unlikely is that O'Donnell would have suggested that Johnson await Mrs. Kennedy when a second aircraft was available. Ken knew Johnson was anxious to take off immediately. He also knew that President Kennedy's widow would not depart without his body and that she would, therefore, be delayed. The discrepancy between the two versions is probably a consequence of confusion, though there is an alternative. The new Commander in Chief may have been determined to maintain the closest possible association with the fallen Commander in Chief during what might well become a national emergency, and he may have supposed that O'Donnell understood and shared his concern.

Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry had surrounded Love Field with his policemen. Two unmarked cruisers were waiting outside Parkland, with their motors idling and Curry himself behind the wheel of the first one.

In the nurse's station, Godfrey McHugh was smoothing the way for what he believed would be exclusively a Kennedy flight. He phoned the pilot, Col. Jim Swindal, ordering him to move to another part of the Dallas airport as a security precaution. After talking to a Dallas police captain, Swindal wisely ignored this instruction. He was already in Love's safest spot. How safe that was is debatable.

At Love Field, Col. George McNally, chief of the White House Communications Agency, was unimpressed by the protection offered to the new President by the Dallas police, who "were running around with goofy looks." If a number of people had been acting in concert with the assassin, McNally said, "the conspirators could have had the plane and everything."

In the next issue of LOOK,

William Manchester describes the desperate rush from Parkland to Air Force One by the car carrying Lyndon Johnson, the dispute between Kennedy aides and a Dallas official over the removal of the President's body, and the abrasive relationship between Kennedy and Johnson partisans during *A Troubled Flight From Dallas*.



Cutouts give new exposure to the two-piece abbreviated swimsuit, as in orange-and-plum crisscross maillot and lime diagonally cut knit

(Bill Blass for Roxanne, \$28 each).
Two triangles linked by plastic ring form brilliant cornflower suit (Rikki for Sport Trio, \$30).

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continued



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It's a perfect day for a romp in the snow with your brood...and a visit by Long Distance with the folks. There's no need to wait till evening. Lowest interstate rates are in effect all day Sunday. Why not call your folks? You'll agree, Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.



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Filter Tipped Pall Mall. Outstanding...and they are mild!

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